GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

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Photograph by H. E. Vroman

WHERE "ARMCHAIR TRAVEL" HAS REAL THRILLS

Gangplanks are out of the question at Mollendo, on Peru's difficult coast. Ships must anchor well offshore and passengers embark from launches bobbing alongside. This five-passenger armchair on a pulley transfers travelers "by air" between shore and launch, guided from beneath to a safe four-point landing (Bulletin No. 3).

HOW TEACHERS MAY OBTAIN THE BULLETINS

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General Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Rift in Ireland Widens as Northerners Draw the Line

"WE DO NOT live in Ireland!" was the decision of a million and a quarter Irishmen at an early February election in the northern section of the Emerald Isle. The election had been called on the issue of whether Northern Ireland would accept fusion with the southern five-sixths of the island. The southern area, previously the Irish Free State, has adopted a new constitution, and with it the old name Ireland as well as the ancient Gaelic equivalent, "Eire."

The political division known as Northern Ireland acknowledges the sovereignty of the British Crown and Parliament—an Anglicized chip on Old Erin's shoulder. It consists of the six northeasternmost counties of the province of Ulster. The three other counties of Ulster and the three southern provinces—Leinster, Munster, and Connaught—form the realm of Eire, now under home rule.

In Northern Ireland are most of the factories, foreign trade, and population density of the island. Eire to the south, with seven-tenths of the people and five-sixths of the "Old Sod's" area, has much of the quaintness of Erin's rural tradition. The cleavage is somewhat similar to that which split the United States of pre-Civil War days into industrial north and agricultural south.

Two Big Cities, but Two-Thirds of People Rural

The name Eire, officially pronounced "Air-a" with accent on "air," applied to the island before the beginning of the Christian era. Its restoration completes a 2,000-year cycle for the Emerald Isle, which has been rechristened Hibernia, Ireland, and Erin respectively by Latin historians, British conquerors, and poets. Homesick exiles call it simply "the other side of the water."

This island that mothers such a distinctive race is actually smaller than the State of Maine. Its greatest length is 306 miles. It has a permanent depression at its heart—a scooped-out boggy central plain, sloping up in many places to face the battering Atlantic with steep spray-swept coastal crags. The upper and lower ends are tufts of rounded green mountains.

The island's outline is an irregular oval, not unlike the knobby potato which has been christened "Irish." The potato has been Ireland's adopted child, since Walter Raleigh, then a young English governor, it is said, experimented with American plants in his garden at Youghal, County Cork. His contribution to farming is still important, for 70 per cent of the country's population is agricultural. Although Dublin and Belfast have almost a third of a million each, two-thirds of Ireland's inhabitants live in settlements of fewer than 2,000. Hope of owning the bit of sod they lived and worked on inspired many a rural Irishman to rise against absentee landlords.

Irish Stock in United States Exceeds Population of Eire

Division of the island, recognized formally since the establishment of the Irish Free State, now Eire, in 1921, is a matter of race and religion as well as geography. It dates back to the 17th century, when English kings encouraged English and Scottish subjects to colonize northeastern Ireland, which is at some points separated from Scotland by only 13 miles of water. By 1660, there were twice as many people of Scottish blood in Ulster as those of Irish blood.

Where, then, did the Irish go? Mostly to the United States, which now contains almost as many natives of Ireland as there are inhabitants in Northern Ireland. Americans of Irish stock outnumber the population of Eire.

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Photograph by Bernard F. Rogers, Jr.

BELFAST LITERALLY BUILDS BUSINESS FOR ITSELF

As Belfast is the leading port of Ireland, the city can build ships with reasonable certainty that it is also building its own shipping. Belfast is surpassed only by the Clydebank shipyards at Glasgow, where the *Queen Mary* was sent down the ways. Belfast has built as many as seventy giant liners for a single company. A source of pride and grief was the *Titanic*, which was Belfast-built and Belfast-manned; a memorial to victims of the ship's tragedy stands in Donegall Place. Three centuries ago Belfast produced a small sloop to carry Irish emigrants to the New World. Now the industry has international importance, and equipment can handle a job larger than the *Normandie*. Cranes and electro-magnets lift steel bars like matchsticks. In the picture, the *New Zealand Star* is shown nearly ready for launching (Bulletin No. 1).

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Jefferson's "Little Mountain," Monticello, Looms Large

TIME ticks on again at Monticello. When the key to the mechanism was restored at the first of this month, the double-faced clock over the east entrance started to mark time once more, and its cannon ball weights again started their seven-day tour down the wall past indicators for days of the week (illustration, next page).

An indoors dial looks down on the accomplishments of a pioneer educator, large-scale farmer, gadget-inventor, architect, and diplomat, who also found time to write the Declaration of Independence and to be twice President of the United States; the other dial of the same clock faces outward, meeting sightseers with the challenging reminder that they are being given the same number of minutes per hour that it allotted Thomas Jefferson.

It is predicted that more Americans than ever before will see Monticello within the next year. No matter how far away they are from the third President's Virginia home, all they will need is one bright new nickel. The new nickel, now being designed to retire the vanishing buffalo which has borne the five-cent burden since 1913, is to wear a likeness of "Long Tom" Jefferson on one side and Monticello on the other.

"Pursuit of Happiness" Led Jefferson up the Mountain

An American coinage based on the decimal system instead of the British shilling and crown, the hall clock that did extra service as outdoor timepiece and weekly calendar, and the unique architectural features of the country home he designed are among the products of Jefferson's inventive mind. "It is wonderful," was a Jeffersonian remark, "how much may be done if we are always doing." That he was practically always "up and doing" before sunrise during his 83 years, there is hardly any more convincing proof than Monticello.

The house crowns the leveled top of a "little mountain" (*monticello* in Italian) near the eastern rim of Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. Visible below is Charlottesville, the city which has grown around the University of Virginia of Jefferson's founding—evidence of his hope that the best way to prevent tyranny "would be to illuminate the minds of the people at large."

The view is curtained in the blue distances of the "Western Territory" far beyond, for which Jefferson wrote a bill abolishing slavery and requiring that it would "remain forever a part of the United States of America." The spaciousness of the Monticello prospect made it seem quite possible for everyone to find room for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," as Jefferson proclaimed in his "birth certificate of a nation," without encroaching on any other person's liberties.

Thirteen Bedrooms but No Bedsteads!

From blueprint to weathervane, Monticello is a rare example of ingenious trickery. It looks like a cozy domed bungalow, while it is actually a four-story mansion with extensive wings. The basement floor and corridors to flanking office cottages are almost invisible from the front, for they are buried under terraces and receive their sunshine from the rear. There are thirteen bedrooms in the house, and not a single bedstead; alcoves provided with wall hooks for mattress supports of rope were Jeffersonian substitutes for the then stylish four-poster. His own bed was in an alcove open on two sides, so that he could roll out directly into either his study or his bedroom.

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Far-traveling natives have made the world Ireland-conscious. The shamrock advertises the lush greenness of mountain pastures deep in grass, rippled over the island's western half by the Atlantic winds. "Paddy's pig" gains dignity as symbol of the lively export of live stock—cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, and by-product butter and eggs—which won Eire the name of "England's pantry." The creamy sheen of Irish linen (illustration, below) has brought renown especially to Northern Ireland's flax and the looms of Belfast. Another familiar product is that beguiling mannerism known as "blarney."

Modern developments tend at the same time toward 20th century business and 11th century traditions. The reviving Irish tongue, a branch of Gaelic, links Ireland with its ancient Celtic ancestors whose legends, handed down by word of mouth, are comparable in age to classic epics of Greece and Rome. Where the River Shannon flows, cascading over a 100-foot drop in 15 miles, a hydro-electric plant harnesses the mightiest source of power in the British Isles.

Belfast, the island's largest city and the capital of Northern Ireland, is a booming industrial metropolis pouring forth linen, rope, and ships (illustration, inside cover). Two counties away to the west stands its sister city Londonderry, with a name familiar from the "Londonderry Air." Dublin, capital of Eire, is its cultural stronghold, too, even to the extent of adopting the Irish name of Bailie Atha Cliath.

Note: Additional illustrations and information about Ireland can be found in the following: "Mist and Sunshine of Ulster," *National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1935; and "Ireland: The Rock Whence I Was Hewn," March, 1927.

The two political divisions of Ireland and the restored Gaelic place-names appear on the "Modern Pilgrim's Map of the British Isles," pictorical map issued as supplement to the June, 1937, *Geographic*. It is obtainable from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic Society at 50c on paper or 75c on linen.

Bulletin No. 1, February 28, 1938.

Photograph by Bernard F. Rogers, Jr.

EVEN THE SUN WORKS TO BEAUTIFY IRISH LINEN

At Randalstown in County Antrim, Ulster, long webs of linen leave the looms as gray strips. A fresh-air treatment of bleaching in natural moisture and sunlight transforms the ugly duckling textile into "swans" of linen for export around the world. Bleaching shrinks the closely woven linen swathes as much as one-fourth of their weight. Another favorite export is Irish lace, whose dainty but durable mesh is popular far from the thatched stone cottages where it has supplemented the potato crop as a breadwinner since the Great Famine of 1847.

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Matarani: Custom-Made Port for Southern Peru

INCA-LAND visitors will soon be able to reach southern Peru's wave-thrashed, rocky coast without being hoisted ashore like cattle. Harbor developments are under way in the well-sheltered cove of Matarani Bay, not far from Islay, and about 15 miles up the coast from Mollendo, southern Peru port that didn't make good.

Mollendo fails as a landing place, because ocean vessels must anchor a mile out in the open sea. When a steamer arrives, a small fleet of lurching launches and bobbing barges puts out from shore. Clustering near the ship's ladder, the tiny craft rise and fall like driving pistons, all jumbled on the heaving rollers.

Tourists with tickets to Mollendo become less Inca-inclined as they descend the swaying ladder and leap aboard a lighter, which meanwhile spiritedly plays tag with the ship. When the waves are high, passengers must be lowered in a large armchair to a tender which takes them to the wharf (illustration, cover). There a derrick, like a giant arm with a bucketful of Lilliputian humanity dangling from its hand, lifts a circular railed platform of shorebound travelers to land at last.

Pizarro Then Bingham Found Inca Trails Rough

A New York firm recently signed a $5,500,000 contract for construction of the new port at Matarani. Already about $4,000,000 has been appropriated for breakwaters, wharves, and warehouses, customs sheds and other buildings. When the work is finished in three years, no "middle ship" will be needed to land travelers.

In addition to swinging importantly on its marine hinges, the new port will become a front door to much of southern and central Peru. Replacing Mollendo as terminus of the southern railway, Matarani will send steel strips and macadam strands into the Arequipa-Cuzco-Lake Titicaca region, and to La Paz, Bolivia, on the direct route to Buenos Aires.

Four centuries ago, Pizarro, seeking gold for his Spanish king, found Inca trails rough going. He panted over endless sands of a South American sahara, climbed barren windswept mountains, and even struggled through jungle country to arrive finally at the heart of Peru's and the southern continent's oldest civilization.

Peru Is Poor in Ports

In 1912, Hiram Bingham, leading a Peruvian expedition under the auspices of the National Geographic Society and Yale University, reached the 2,000-year-old forgotten city of Machu Picchu, a cradle of Inca civilization, after five days of hard tramping from Cuzco, former Inca capital.

Today, however, airways, railways, and highways ease the trip to Inca regions, rich in ruins of Peru's ancient architecture.

Only port on Peru's rocky coast where a large steamer can dock today is Callao. All others are small, with open roadsteads where landing is equally as hazardous as at Mollendo. Callao handles most of Peru's exports and imports. Its population of about 71,000 is mainly dock, railroad and factory workers. The town has no architectural attractions. Historically, its most exciting moment was that 16th-century day when Drake sacked it.

Note: See also "Bonds Between the Americas," *National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1937; "Forgotten Valley of Peru," January, 1934; "Pieces of Silver," September, 1933; "Air Adventures in Peru," January, 1933; "The Lure of Lima, City of the Kings," June, 1930; "Buenos Aires to Washington by Horse," February, 1929; "How Latin America Looks from

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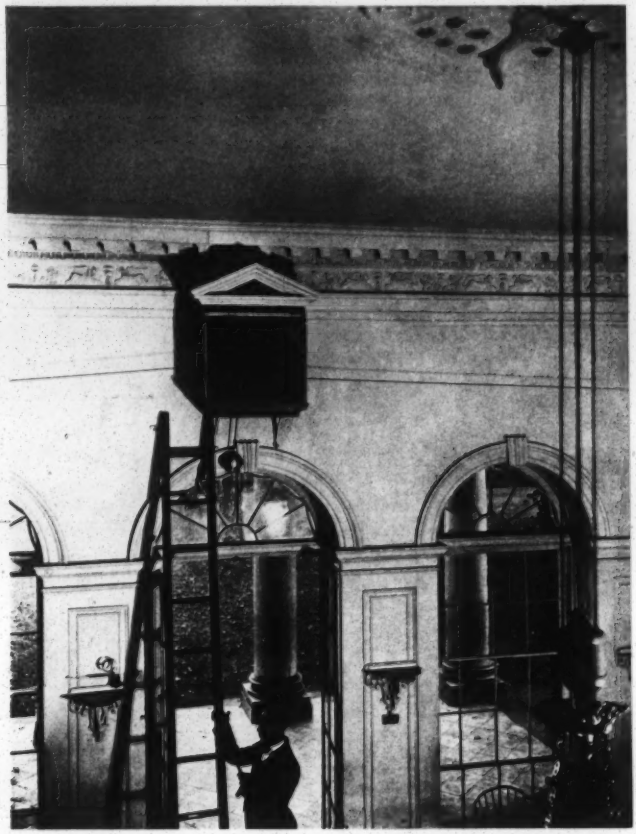
The weathervane on the roof of the east portico was extended through the roof to markers on the ceiling, visible from indoors, so that the canny statesman could learn which way the wind blew without venturing out into it. Long before the first trolley doors opened automatically, Jefferson equipped his tall glass French doors with the double-door trick of moving in unison at a touch on either one.

Novelty and Convenience Were Key Words

Surprising furniture, such as revolving tables and adjustable desks, contributed to the impression of a home with every possible novelty for convenience. Novelty attended the very christening of Monticello, for possibly the first use of the name in Jefferson's own records was a reference to some experiments with cherry tree grafting. Dumbwaiters for direct two-way traffic with the wine cellar, and space-saving stairs (22 inches wide) to the upper floors are other unusual features which have made Monticello intriguing to world travelers, historians, and architects. Americans are challenged, too, by the remark of a contemporary, the French Marquis de Chastellux, that Tom Jefferson was "the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."



Photograph by Edwin L. Wisherd

TWO-FACED TIME TICKED AWAY JEFFERSON'S MONTICELLO MOMENTS

The clock over the east entrance plays a double role. One dial (above) is indoors; another is on the outside, with the works in between, operated by cannonball weights. The mechanism, typical of the numerous gadgets which Jefferson installed in his home, was made by the Swiss clockmaker Leschot in 1802. To wind it, Jefferson designed a slender "fox-and-geese" ladder which folds so neatly together that it looks like a single piece of wood; the hinged rungs fold into grooves in the upright supports. The lamp (lower right) hangs from Jefferson's conception of an American eagle surrounded by stars representing the eighteen States after the admission of Louisiana.

Note: Many illustrations in black and white and in color supplement the article "Jefferson's Little Mountain," in the April, 1929, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*. Other references to Jefferson or to his home may be found in: "Washington, Home City and Show Place," June, 1937; "The Restoration of Colonial Williamsburg," April, 1937; and "The Historic City of Brotherly Love," December, 1932.

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Odd Plants Rival Freaks of Animal World

TO THE quiet and shadowy recesses of the British Museum in London have come recently several collections of plants from as far away as Greenland or the Caspian Sea. One of the novelties is a giant lobelia from the Black Mountain in Kashmir, India, which resembles the super-man-size lobelia plants of East Africa (illustration, next page).

The giant lobelia, a skyscraper member of the same family as the delicate red Cardinal-flower, the Indian tobacco, and the blue garden lobelia of the United States, is one of a large number of botanical freaks to be found throughout the world. The freakishness may be not size but behavior, like that of an evening primrose of which the buds develop fully but never open.

Most interesting among peculiar plants are those which bear uncanny resemblance to something else. Ladyslippers and jack-in-the-pulpits are obvious examples to most nature lovers. Dozens of other botanical "doubles" are not so well known.

Smoke Tree, Sausage Tree, and Vegetable Sheep

Central Africa boasts among its many unusual sights a sausage-tree, from whose wide-spreading crown hang what appear to be bologna sausages. A good companion for it would be the African "poached-egg-tree," so-called because of its huge white flowers with golden centers.

Australia presents as rivals a tree whose thick-based trunk tapers upward like a soda bottle; and the blackboy tree, which thrusts a spearlike shaft six feet above its shaggy crown of leaves. From a distance, a group of these might be savages on the warpath.

In South Africa, one may shrink from what seem to be huge red spiders lying on the ground. They turn out to be lilies. Equally sinister-looking are that region's bloodlilies, whose intense red blossoms and stalks are thrust up like the heads of dangerous snakes. Similarly, in hot desert canyons of the United States, wanderers have hastened toward smoke of a friendly campfire only to discover it the deceptive bluish-green smokebush.

In New Zealand, some of the barren mountain sides appear dotted with sheep. Closer examination proves the large rounded grey masses to be Haastia plants, or "vegetable sheep."

Rafflesia Is World's Largest Flower

New Zealand claims many remarkable plants, such as buttercups three inches across. Large as these are, they shrink before the Rafflesia. There is little to this East Indian parasitic plant except its flower. But it is the largest single flower in the plant kingdom. It sometimes reaches three feet in diameter and weighs as much as fifteen pounds.

An equally weird plant is the Welwitschia, from Africa. Aside from its cotyledons, or seed leaves, it develops only two leaves. But these continue to grow for dozens of years, like green ribbons several inches wide and over six feet long.

Other plants are remarkable for their odors. Goats in Teneriffe are fond of a plant which grows in rock crevices and exudes the musty odor of mice. Skunk of the plant world is the durian. Although its fruit is considered delicious throughout Malaysia, and it is said that Borneo head-hunters will commit murder to get one, the fruit gives off a strong unpleasant odor that lingers for days. An agreeable contrast is the umbrella-bush. Its durable timber, appreciated for fence posts in Australia, has the delicious fragrance of raspberry jam.

The odor given off by truffles is often an important aid in locating them. These fungi, prized by French cooks, grow underground, chiefly in oak forests. Pigs and dogs are trained to root them out.

A Tree That Catches Birds

Those who have had experience with poison-ivy do not need to be reminded of the venom lurking in innocent-looking plants. From the Strophanthus vine of the Tropics comes strophanthin, one of the most powerful poisons known. Natives of West Africa use it to tip their deadly arrows.

Juice from oleander shrubs is so poisonous that even eating the harmless-looking pink or white blossoms may be fatal. In the western United States grow powerful herbs, loco weeds, which have a weird effect on animals. Cattle, sheep, and horses that eat them soon stagger drunkenly around and may eventually die. They lose all sense of proportion and act as if crazy, rearing up to jump over small sticks as if they were log barriers.

A tree which grows in Sumatra has an effect on birds equally disastrous. Not poison, but a gluelike gum covering its fruits, is the cause. When small birds alight near the fruits, their wings become so glued together that they cannot fly but fall to the ground.

Many odd plants are among those that man eats without fear. In some sections of Ceylon,

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the Air," October, 1927; "Highlights in the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes," (color insert), February, 1927; and "Scenes in South America," (duotone insert), October, 1921.

A new wall map of South America was issued as a supplement to the *National Geographic Magazine* for December, 1937. It shows Mollendo, north of which the port of Matarani is being built. Additional copies may be obtained at 50c (paper) and 75c (linen) from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of The Society.

Bulletin No. 3, February 28, 1938.

BINDERS FOR GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS

A special binder for GEOGRAPHIC NEWS BULLETINS which will hold thirty issues (a complete year's edition) is now available. This holder consists of a handsomely embossed brown cover and spring jaws which grip hard and hold fast one, two, or any number of BULLETINS up to a full year's allotment. When a single BULLETIN is required elsewhere, release is immediate and replacing equally easy, while other BULLETINS remain undisturbed. BULLETINS are not punched or marred.

This binder can be obtained by writing direct to The Albrecht Company, 211 South Sharp Street, Baltimore, Md., the National Geographic Society is informed. It is mailed postpaid upon receipt of $1. Money will be refunded if the binder does not prove satisfactory. Your name will be placed on the front cover in 22-carat gold for 15c additional.

Photograph courtesy Lieut. Comdr. R. Guzmán Marquina

SHIPS RIDE UNEASILY WHERE THE DESERT GOES TO SEA

Mollendo, in spite of the traffic it received as the gateway port for the Southern Railway of Peru, has become the "port that failed" because of the difficulty of reaching shore from the ships tossing outside the white margin of breakers. Peru's coast is strikingly short of harbors, in part because it lacks big rivers to indent the shoreline. Instead of rivers, barren mountains and stretches of sandy waste extend down to the water's rocky edge.

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St. Bernard Pass Guarded by "Travelers Aid" of Monks and Dogs

WHEN an avalanche crashed down recently on the St. Bernard Hospice in the Swiss Alps, the occupants received an unusual letter congratulating them on their own escape and sympathizing for the damage to their hospice. The letter came from the Travelers Aid Society in the United States. It was a gesture from what is probably the largest such organization to what is one of the oldest and most famous groups maintained for "travelers' aid."

In former times, many travelers ventured to take a short cut through the Alps wilderness between Martigny, Switzerland, and Aosta, Italy. Those who risked this perilous pass on foot might die en route—exhausted by snow and cold, buried under avalanches, or swallowed up by crevasses. It was to prevent such disasters that Bernard de Menthon, a priest of Aosta, founded a hospice near the summit of the pass around the year 962.

Heroic rescues have brought fame to the famous dogs belonging to the St. Bernard Hospice. For centuries these enormous, mournful-eyed, orange-and-white dogs have sought out and guided to the hospice travelers who had become lost or exhausted in snowstorms while trying to cross the Alps.

Monks on Skis, Sometimes Dogs Alone, Patrol the Pass

Destroyed by fire and storms several times, the hospice has been rebuilt and enlarged until now it is composed of several buildings, one of which is an Augustinian monastery, and another a hotel for summer tourists. Situated more than 8,000 feet above sea level, the monastery is one of the highest permanent habitations in Europe. The air is so rare and raw that few of the monks can live here for more than a dozen years without developing rheumatism and heart disease. Then they have to be sent down to the Order's headquarters at Martigny. Even the dogs become rheumatic.

In winter, snow piles up nearly to the eaves of the monastery, gales beat against its massive stone walls and small windows, and pine logs, brought up the previous summer, blaze on granite hearths. The monks, expert skiers, patrol their rounds searching for travelers lost in drifts. Sometimes the St. Bernards are sent out alone to search, little kegs of restoratives fastened to their collars.

About fifteen dogs are kept at the hospice, and more at Martigny. The best dog of each generation is named Barry, after the hospice's most famous St. Bernard. The original Barry saved the lives of forty persons and was killed by the forty-first, who mistook his friendly aid as an attack.

Patron Saint of Mountain Climbers

In summer, when sightseers visit the St. Bernard Pass by automobile or bus, snow has left the level ground, but still caps the flanking peaks. This absolutely treeless region of gray rocks looks bleak and desolate. Iron crosses mark places where monks and travelers have met death by avalanches. More cheering is the large stone cross bearing a lantern. Near the pass's summit stands a large bronze statue of Bernard de Menthon, who was made the patron saint of mountain climbers in 1923.

The exterior of the gray stone hospice looks grim and forbidding. Inside, it is snug, heated by steam, lighted by electricity. A radio and a telephone keep the brethren in touch with the world below. One is surprised to find them using type-

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the large ivory-white blossoms of the agati tree are eaten as vegetables. In Africa, natives gather the honey from the pink and white flowers of "honeypots" and make it into a sugar.

Aristocrat among the plant products used in modern Western cooking is vanilla, derived from an orchid. One of the strangest fruits encountered is the so-called miraculous fruit. After eating one, everything, even a lemon, tastes sweet. It causes this effect by temporarily paralyzing some of the papillae of the tongue.

Note: Photographs and descriptions of some of the curious plants mentioned above, also photographs of other odd plants, are found in "Beyond Australia's Cities," *National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1936; "Northern California at Work," March, 1936; "The Rose-Red City of Rock" (Petra), (color insert), February, 1935; "Hunting Useful Plants in the Caribbean," December, 1934; "Southern California at Work," November, 1934; "Temples and Ceremonies of Kaleidoscopic Bangkok" (color insert), also "The Okefinokee Wilderness," May, 1934; "Nature and Man in Ethiopia," August, 1928; "Singapore, Crossroads of the East," March, 1926; "Round About Bogotá," February, 1926; "Porto Rico, The Gate of Riches," December, 1924; and "The Hawaiian Islands," February, 1924.

See also "The Book of Wildflowers," published by the National Geographic Society. A folder describing this and other publications will be sent upon application to the Washington, D. C., headquarters of The Society.

Bulletin No. 4, February 28, 1938.

Photograph by Alfred M. Bailey

THE HIGHER IT GOES, THE HIGHER IT GROWS

While not a general rule about vegetation, it seems that the lobelia family flourishes in high altitudes. In the Simyen Mountains of Ethiopia, 14,000 feet above sea level, rises the giant lobelia to a height far above man's. Common American relatives of this African giant are the lobelias which are valued for their color instead of size: the knee-high Cardinal-flower growing wild over eastern North America, and the garden lobelia bushlet "starred" with bright blue blossoms. The flower is named for French physician-botanist Lobel.

writers while studying, or reading modern French periodicals in their library of 20,000 volumes.

Most colorful building of the group is the small, frescoed chapel with its black marble and gilt altars. Most gruesome building is the small morgue, now closed to the public, in which were preserved for many years the frozen corpses of snow victims, including some of Napoleon's soldiers.

Monks Build New Hospice in Tibet

Free food and lodging, once accorded all passersby, is now given only to pedestrians and poor wayfarers. Since 1925, wealthier travelers have been required to put up at the hotel. This measure was necessary because visitors abused the monks' hospitality. England's Edward VII was a grateful lodger, however, sending the hospice a piano in return for his stay there.

Need for rescue work at the pass has diminished so much in recent years that since 1931 several of the monks, accompanied by a few of their dogs, have been at work on the project of building a new, more badly needed hospice in the storm-swept highlands of southern Tibet. Their new site is near the Se La (pass), where thousands of religious pilgrims from India and the Far East struggle across to Tibetan shrines, and many perish from exposure.

Note: See "An August First in Gruyères," *National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1936; "Man's Oldest Ally, The Dog," February, 1936; and "The Citizen Army of Switzerland," November, 1915.

The Society's "Book of Dogs" describes the St. Bernard and many other types of dogs. A folder describing this and other publications will be sent upon request to The Society's Washington, D. C., headquarters.

Bulletin No. 5, February 28, 1938.

Photograph by Melville Bell Grosvenor

LIFE-SAVING IS NOT THE ONLY JOB OF THE ST. BERNARD

While the most famous dogs of this famous breed are the life-savers patrolling St. Bernard Pass between Switzerland and Italy, other members of the same family are faithful to humbler jobs elsewhere. Their strength and weight—from 150 to more than 200 pounds—make them extremely useful with the dog-cart used in Switzerland, The Netherlands, Belgium, and northern France. This dog, still on the job at sunset, is trotting about five miles an hour, hauling milk to the cheese factory in Gruyères, Switzerland.

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